A Super Sized Revenge

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A Super Sized Revenge

by 1smolpotato

Summary

Will got in a fight with Hannibal and decided the easiest way to avoid him for long periods of time would be to get a job at McDonalds.

Notes

Hello friends. This is the first time I've written fan fic in like... three years maybe more. And here it is, the vaguely threatening McDonald's fic nobody really asked for but my friend demanded. I'm so sorry.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a fight the day Will Graham stated that he “needed a little space” to Hannibal. For the life of him, Will wasn’t sure what it was about. It could have been anything from not letting Winston live inside the house to Hannibal’s decision to throw out half of his clothes and replace them with ones that were more expensive and fit into Hannibal’s aesthetic better than worn down mass produced plaid. Will would wear the plaid sometimes just to spite Hannibal, which would make Hannibal do that not quite almost frown that meant he disapproved but not enough to say anything.

But something happened that day that Will took his car and drove for a while. He had spaced out behind the wheel often enough to know that this was probably not the best course of action, but fuck it. He was entitled to a little bit of reckless behavior that wasn’t well planned out murder sprees. So he drove around the neighborhood they had recently set themselves up in. It was nice, not as nice as Hannibal probably would have preferred but it was better than anything Will grew up in. As he slowly circled another block, Will found himself at probably the last place Hannibal would ever step foot in.

A 24 hour McDonalds.

With a help wanted sign in the window.

“And what makes you think you would be a good fit for the fast food industry, Mr…?”

“Fell. Will Fell.”

A good humored laugh came from the manager. “Will fell where?”

Will gave him an eerie blank stare. A no nonsense stare. A stare that promised pain upon his person.

The manager coughed to clear his throat a little and looked to the side. “Mr. Fell. The question at hand please?”

“I can tell that you’ve been overworked. The employees are upset with your lack of management skill and have been leaving. You and your partner at home are having a rough time. You are wondering if a job in this shit hole is worth it. You’re hoping that I can ease the load or at least provide a good example.” Will crossed a leg and leaned forward on it. “I can tell you that while my skills do not lie in this industry, I can make things easier. I can start today if you’d like, if you’d waive the formalities.”

The manager was slowly trying to break eye contact with Will while also getting as far away from him as possible. He didn’t like the sound of Will, but if anybody could put his other employees in

their place it would be him. Whatever red flags Will's behavior were throwing at him were ignored with the possibility of making his life just a little easier.

"You're hired. Welcome to McDonald's."

Will gave the manager a feral smile.

The other employees were whispering about the man chopping the onions in back. His knife cuts were clean and even and he worked at a pace none of them dared try and copy. But beyond that there were a few strange things about him.

"Did you see the way he just stands there and stares at the wall while he's chopping? It's unnatural." The man in question was in fact staring at the wall, hands continuously working in repetitive motions. The sounds of the knife on the board were rhythmic and vaguely threatening.

"No, but have you heard him talking to himself?"

"What? No."

"It gives me the absolute creeps."

They turned their heads towards the newest employee and observed him whispering to himself.

"I slice the onions as I've been taught to. No superfluous movements, no wasted energy. The knives are not as sharp as I'm used to but we must make do with the instruments we have at hand. The other vegetables are not cut to my standards. The work was sloppy and uninspired. It will all have to be redone, but I do not mind. The feeling of a knife in my hand is familiar and calming. I miss the power the knife gives me."

The man finished chopping the last onion he had, cleaned the knife on a towel and rested it on the cutting board.

"This is my design."

The other employees glanced at each other with wide eyes and silently agreed to never speak of this again.

Within the next week something happened to the manager. He just didn't show up to work. His partner called and asked if they had seen him, saying he never came home. Nobody at the McDonald's had seen him after his last shift. Nobody knew what happened to him or where he was, but work was work and shifts and responsibilities got shuffled around.

Which is how Will ended up working the cash register.

There was no line at register two.

Will operated register two. He stared blankly ahead at the crowd of people eating subpar food. A good majority of them seemed to be decent people, but there were always a few that made Will want to snarl at their rudeness. They were very lucky there was a counter between them so the worst they got was a death glare nearly hidden by hair.

As Will watched the crowd, a car he recognized pulled into the parking lot. He narrowed his eyes as a well kept man in a maroon sweater stepped out and looked at the restaurant distastefully. As the man approached, Will's eyes continued to narrow until they were glaring slits.

"Do it, you pretentious ass. Step in the door and smell the smell of fast food hell," he whispered to himself. Will dared Hannibal to open the door. "Try it. You won't last a minute."

Hannibal seemed to brace himself and reached for the door. The moment the smell of fry grease and over cooked meat hit him was visible. He recoiled as if slapped by an invisible force and seemed to gag slightly. He stepped back, visibly appalled by the brief experience. His eyes met Will's and seemed to silently beg him to come outside. Will crossed his arms and gave him a triumphant smirk. He was safe in his fast food castle. Defeated, Hannibal got back in his car and drove away.

At this point Will didn't even remember what the disagreement was about, but spiting Hannibal had always been one of his favorite pastimes.

He wondered how long he could keep this up.

It turned out Will was not meant to work the cash register. His eyes judged each order and his curt nature was unwelcoming. Customers would frequently change lines to avoid him.

Will was moved to janitorial duties.

Customers eyed the man who continually mopped the same three feet of tiles. His eyes were glazed over and his thoughts seemed far away. He seemed to be murmuring to himself nonsense about

streams and fish.

A family with a small child had seated themselves not too far from the absent minded employee. The little girl was pointing out characters painted on the walls.

“And who’s that?”

Her mom was taking the french fries out of the paper bag. “That’s Ronald McDonald.”

“And that?”

“That one is Grimace.”

The girl moved her finger from the large purple monstrosity to the person dressed in black and white stripes. “And that one?”

“That’s the Hamburgler,” a voice to the side of them said. Startled, the little girl jumped in her seat and then turned to the voice. It had come from the employee mopping the floors.

“The- the hamburgler?”

The man gave an affirmative nod. “The Hamburgler. Very hard to catch once he escaped. No one is sure why he does what he does. Some have theorized that it’s an addiction. Others say it is revenge against McDonald who had put him away in the first place. But I think,” he stopped mopping but continued to stare at something the family couldn’t see, “he could stop any time he wanted to. I think he steals the hamburgers because he can. That’s why it’s so hard to catch him. His design is not a compulsion.”

The man turned to the little girl, “But that’s also how you’ll catch him. He thinks he can get away with it every time. Lure him and reel him in. He’s weak when he thinks he has what he came for.”

The parents blinked in horror and quickly, but methodically picked up their food and moved their lunch to the other side of the restaurant.

Will looked at the painting of the Hamburgler and then back to his mop bucket. The waters were murky.

The drive thru was where Will truly shined. No customers could see his face until the transaction was complete. There was minimal interaction between them. Management was running out of places to put him and they couldn’t fire him since he seemed to scare the other employees into competency. But the drive thru seemed like the perfect place to put Will.

“Hello. Welcome to McDonalds. Can I take your order?”

“Yeah, can I get two double cheeseburgers, a medium fry, and a large coke please?”

The line crackled as Will read back the order. “Is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“That will be $6.18. Please pull up to the last window.”

Will had punched in a triple cheeseburger, apple pie and medium drink. This was the seventh order today he had changed. He knew that they had ordered two double cheeseburgers, but really only wanted one sandwich. He could tell that the french fries were going to be a regret as soon as they passed their lips. They had only ordered a large drink because they thought it was cheaper but forgot that they never finished it. Will knew what they needed.

He took the card from the customer at the window, processed their payment and handed them their food bag.

They took a look in the bag and frowned, “Hey, this isn’t what I ordered.”

“No. It’s what you needed. This is your design.”

The customer stared at Will as he looked past them and slowly closed the window. There was a moment where neither of them moved. Finally the customer’s eyebrows furrowed and they drove the car away.

Later that evening a review popped up on the restaurant: “Really weird employee changed my order, but it was what I had wanted to get before I ordered my regular. I didn’t regret going to McDonalds for the first time after I’ve eaten there. Thanks weird drive thru guy. 5/5”

“Hello. Welcome to McDonalds. Can I take your order?”

“Will this is ridiculous. There is no reason for you to be working in this tragedy of an establishment.” Will absently scratched at his jaw. He was surprised it took Hannibal another week to brave the drive thru. His voice sounded muffled and his accent difficult to understand from the drive thru speaker. “I believe we can come to a reasonable middle ground on the matter of meal preparation.”

Will vaguely remembered the argument about how he should be the one to cook the fish now so he could provide something for dinner instead of Hannibal doing everything. There was some frustration with getting Hannibal to understand that while Will enjoys being taken care of and provided for, he wanted an equal partnership with Hannibal in all things. Cooking, decisions, murder. Everything.

“Please pull up to the last window.”

Will grabbed a paper bag and threw some of the greasier fries in it in case of a disagreement. The car pulled up to his window and he leaned out to talk to Hannibal. He noticed the beginnings of dark circles under Hannibal’s eyes and recognized the look of someone who went with too little sleep recently.

“Equal partnership in all things or none at all, Hannibal.”

“Will, that is what I’ve always wanted. Providing for you, however, is one of my greatest pleasures. You would not take that from me would you?”

Letting out a sharp breath of frustration, Will’s eyes sharpened. “And you don’t think I would enjoy the feeling of providing for someone whom I love? Fuck you, Hannibal. You don’t get to keep that pleasure all to yourself.”

“Will.” It was a broken sound.

“Oh, and I have something for you,” Will rummaged around in the paper bag and pulled out his hand, with his middle finger extended. “Free of charge.”

The windows slid closed with a sense of finality. Will could hear his name being called a few times from beyond the glass interrupted by the loud blare of a horn. Apparently Hannibal was keeping people from their food.

How rude.

At some point everyone stopped hearing from the assistant store manager who was currently taking over for the disappeared store manager. The assistant manager had no vacation days and hadn’t said anything about not feeling well. The other employees seemed nervous and scared of the newest hire. Nothing like this had happened before he came here.

He stared at the grill while he flipped burgers, not saying anything.

Nobody remembers the last time they were supplied with patties.

Sometimes when the restaurant was slow and the employees had prepped everything for the next rush, they gathered near a television and flipped through the channels. Will prefered to be busy, either trying to save poorly cut ingredients or cleaning up the kitchen. It was a habit he didn’t have before Hannibal, and unfortunately one that was hard to get rid of.

He was sweeping the floor when he heard the television above him flip to the local news station.

“The FBI has released no new details on the Dolarhyde case. FBI Agent Jack Crawford refuses to answer any questions about either the case or the two men involved and their disappearance. Renown murderer, Doctor Hannibal Lecter and-”

The television went dark and unresponsive. A few employees tried the remote to no avail. Will pocketed the sharp kitchen scissors he used to cut the power cord. Nobody asked if they could get a new tv or fix this one. Mostly because they’d have to ask Will.

Will continued sweeping the floor and the other employees returned to work a little shaken and confused.

Will was moved up to a managerial position quickly. He didn't want to be in charge of these people, but again he was the only one scary enough to motivate them into working. He was tired of eating fast food even after he improved it, he was tired of sleeping either in his car or in a motel nearby. Though he wouldn't admit it, Will missed Hannibal quite a bit. At some point punishing Hannibal had begun hurting himself.

He was in the middle of trying to train a new employee at the cash register when Hannibal himself walked into the restaurant. He was still visibly bothered by the smell and atmosphere in the restaurant, but made his way to the counter anyway.

Will pushed the trainee aside, "Welcome to McDonalds. Can I get your order?"

"Will."

He looked up at Hannibal from the register, but said nothing. Hannibal looked worse for wear than he did when he came through the drive thru five days ago. The dark circles had indeed bloomed under his eyes and his hair was limp and devoid of product. He seemed sad, which on Hannibal who was the king of microexpressions, was almost unbearable to look at.

"William." It was a fragile plea.

"Yes?"

"Come home."

Will leaned over the register, "Will you let me provide for you as you do for me?"

"Yes. Partners in all things, equal in every way."

Cracking a grin, Will tore off his name tag and tossed his headset to the trainee. "Then I do believe we have an agreement Doctor." He turned to the other employees and shouted "I quit!" to either cheers or silent looks of dread.

Hannibal's face softened as Will made his way around the counter, his hand finding Hannibal's face. He pressed a kiss to thin lips and rested his forehead against the other's.

"Let's go home. I haven't eaten well in a month."

Hannibal breathed him in before letting out a sigh. "You're going to have to bathe before you do anything else, you smell atrocious."

Will laughed as he laced his fingers with Hannibal's and led them out of the McDonalds.

Chapter End Notes

(edit) It absolutely warms my heart to hear how much love this surreal crack fic has received in the few days it has been up. This fandom is so full of amazing authors and artists, and I never thought I would be one of the people contributing in terms of fanfiction. I read all the comments and smile so much from hearing that I made you laugh, I think I actually hurt my jaw the other day no lie.

I'd love to know if this fic inspires anything. Art or a remix of it, more Will Graham working in fast food hell. I'd love to see and read it all.

You can always find me at lokidokeyartichoki.tumblr.com

Edit the second: if you guys could please let me know if a rec list sent you here I'd be thrilled! I'd love to circulate that further and also the fic is like 6 years old at this point and sudden influxes of people make me curious lmao

Fanart

Chapter Notes

> *rings the dinner bell* WE'VE GOT FANART FRIENDS!!! It's been six years since I posted this story and somehow the fannibals are still going strong.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THERE WAS NO LINE AT REGISTER TWO

Fanart of Will Graham working his beloathed Register Two by its-blorbin-time over on tumblr

Chapter End Notes

I’m sure some of you are disappointed that this isn’t a follow up chapter from Hannibal’s point of view. I can’t promise that will ever happen. What I can promise is that I will love, cherish, and display (with express permission of course) any fanart made of this fic right here in the additional chapter(s). Anything inspired by it writing wise will be linked and loved dearly.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!